msa_sc2901_scm1622-0624 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. R. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance; if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

WM. M. SLAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Careful attention will be paid to any legal business of Kent and neighboring counties which may be entrusted to him jan6-y

C. T WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12y.

C. H. BAKER.
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.

☞ Particular attention given to collection of claims. jun30-tf

PAINTING!
C. H. DAVIS & BRO., are prepared to do all kinds of PAINTING in the best manner, and on reasonable terms. ☞ Orders respectfully solicited.
Chestertown, July 29—6m.

TAX NOTICE.

THE TAXES for the year 1871, for the 2nd Election District, are now due, and I am prepared to receive them. Prompt attention to this matter upon the part of Tax-Payers will save them expense and myself much trouble. I can be found at any time at my place of business in Kennedyville.
aug26-tf. O. W. WARREN.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

TOYS, CONFECTIONERY, &c., &c.

J. H. SMITH

Has now in store a large assortment of

NEW GOODS,

Embracing a general variety of

TOYS,
CONFECTIONERY,
RAISINS,
CURRANTS,
CITRON,
PRUNES,
FIGS,
NUTS,
French and Common Candy,
Canned Fruits,
JELLY, PICKLES, CHOW-CHOW,
TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.

☞ Give me a call.
Dec. 2. J. H. SMITH.

KENNEDYVILLE
CHEAP CASH STORE!
COMEGYS & BRO.,

HAVE JUST RETURNED from the city and opened an assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
Consisting of
A General Assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

☞ Persons wishing to buy CHEAP GOODS FOR CASH, will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Our motto is—"Quick Sales and Small Profits."
COMEGYS & BRO.
Kennedyville, Nov. 4, 1871.

BURNS & SLOAN
132 Light St. Wharf,
BALTIMORE,

BUILDING
AND HARDWOOD
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,
DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

WASHINGTON A. PAGE,
DEALER IN
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, DRESS FLOORING, JOIST, GIRDERS AND SILL STUFF
Of all sizes constantly on hand, or cut to order, at the shortest notice.
LEE STREET, near Light st. Whf.,
o22y. *BALTIMORE.*

IO MOTHERS.
Liebig's FOOD for INFANTS
This valuable and popular Food for Infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at
jan7-tf WICKES' DRUG STORE.

ATTENTION is called to our line of GLOVES, Cloth Gloves, all grades; driving Gloves, Buck Gloves, heavy and lined White and Colored Cotton Gloves, Dog Skin Gloves, Calf Skin Gloves, lined and Fur, Kid Gloves, all colors, Dressed Buck Gloves, Gauntlets, &c. S. MERRITT & CO.

IF you are in want of nice LINEN FRONT SHIRTS, call at the new Clothing Store of S. MERRITT & CO.

WHITE LEAD, Oils, Glass, Paints and Putty. JOS. E. WEER.

FINE assortment of POCKET CUTLERY C. F. STAM & BRO.

Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, Literature, Agricultural and Mechanical Interests, Politics and Advertising.

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1872. No. 35.

Rates of Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, half-year or quarter.

Obituaries will be inserted at one-half advertising rates.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court of Kent county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustee, will expose to public sale at the store door of G. T. Hollyday, Esq.,

ON SATURDAY,
TWENTY-SEVENTH of JANUARY, 1872,
At 12½ o'clock, P. M.,

A LOT OF LAND,

late the property of Richard Hodges, deceased, lying at Edesville or Forktown, in Kent Co., containing BETWEEN TWO AND THREE ACRES, adjoining the property of Mr James H. Edes, and bounding on the two roads leading to Pine Neck and Rock Hall. It fronts 405 feet on the Pine Neck road, and thirty-six feet front. This lot will be divided into building lots suitable for dwellings and stores.—Either front will be suitable for building lots. A portion of the lot is in Peach Trees, healthy and the fruit good. The neighborhood is a populous one, and the country is improving in this section of our county.

Also, about ONE-FOURTH OF AN ACRE OF LAND, a part of the Garden of the Hodges property, on the opposite side of the road, occupied by Mrs Mary M Hodges, and which will also be laid off in Lots suitable for building purposes.

The property is to be sold to pay debts.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE—on a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, payable in three equal instalments, with interest from the first day of January, 1872 to be secured by the bond of the purchaser or purchasers, with security to be approved by the Trustee. It will be sold clear of dower.

The creditors of the late Richard Hodges are notified to file their claims, duly proved, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Kent county within four months from the day of sale.

GEORGE VICKERS, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, Jan. 6, 1872—tds

Mortgagee's Sale.

IN VIRTUE of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Jacob Toomy and Catharine Toomy his wife, to the undersigned, bearing date on the 8th day of February, 1871, and recorded among the land records of Kent county, in Liber J. K. H., No. 10, pages 70, 71, and 72 the undersigned mortgagee will sell at public sale, on

TUESDAY, the 16th of January 1872,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the Voshell House in Chestertown,

All That Desirable Lot

or Part of a Lot of Land situated at the corner of Cross and Fish Street, in Chestertown, Kent county, Maryland, and described on the plot of said town as a part of Lot No. 38, (except 30 feet which was deeded to Kitty Miller by Toomy and wife, Nov. 10, '66) together with the Buildings and Improvements thereon.

Terms cash on the day of sale.
d23-ts. WM. J. VANNORT.

Watches, Clocks, Spectacles
&c., &c.
JUST RECEIVED AT
W. G. RUSSELL'S.
FROM NEW YORK.

A large and well selected stock of

Watches, Clocks and Spectacles,

which will be sold *fifty per cent. cheaper* than can be bought on the Shore.

He is also prepared to do any and all kinds of Repairs on Watches, Clocks or Jewelry at short notice, and much cheaper than can be done in the State. *All work guaranteed for one year.* Satisfaction given or money refunded.

☞ Ask for W. G. RUSSELL, adjoining T. W. Kliason, Jr. sep30-3m.

☞ *READ THIS.* ☜

New Goods! New Prices!

JAMES B. SAPPINGTON,

HAS just returned from the city, and has opened a full assortment of Fall Goods, which were selected with care from the best houses in the city. My stock of

Muslins, Calicoes, Canton Flannels,

Red & white Flannels, Bed Tickings, Shirtings, Domestic, Ginghams, Linsies, Kerseys and Satinets, are unsurpassed in quality and economy of prices.

A FULL LINE OF GROCERIES,

Sugars, of all grades, sold as low as can be bought in the Baltimore market.

Prime Rio Coffee, green and roasted;
Fine Teas, green and black;
Molasses and Syrups, cheapest in town

Notions of all kinds.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hose, Men's half Hose, Suspenders, &c., Men's Undershirts and Drawers, all qualities and prices. Violin Strings, screws, cruppers and bridges.

BOOTS & SHOES.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, Men's, Boys' and Childrens' Boots and Shoes.

CROCKERY.

Plates, Cups and Saucers, Cream Pitchers, Sugar Dishes, Bowls, Vegetable Dishes, &c., will be sold very low.

Tobacco and Cigars

of all qualities and prices. Garrett's Scotch Snuff and Rappee Snuff.

Pure Cider VINEGAR.

Salt Fish, Mackerel and Labrador Herring, Powder and Shot, E B Gun Caps, Philadelphia Concentrated Lye, "Fisher's" Washing Chrystal, Soaps of all kinds, Rumford's Yeast Powders, Bacon, Flour, Lard, Cheese, Spelling Books, Copy Books, Letter writers, Slates, Ink, Ready reckoners, paper, etc. Castor Oil, Bateman's Drops, Pain Killer, Vermifuge and Wright's Pills. Essences of all kinds, Spices, Laudanum, and, in fact, if you want *any thing* come direct to

SAPPINGTON'S,

and you will save time, trouble and money.

I respectfully solicit an examination of my goods and prices. I will pay the cash or goods for all kinds of Country Produce.

☞ Store on Cross St., opposite G. E. Lambert's Coach Factory.
sep30-tf. JAS. B. SAPPINGTON.

C. F. STAM & BRO.,
APOTHECARIES,
Cor. High and Court Sts., Chestertown, Md
Have just received a large lot of
WINDOW GLASS,
of all sizes, which they are selling very cheap.
Sept. 30, 1871.

OVER-COATS.

We have just received a large and handsome assortment of Over-Coats. Call and look at them. S. MERRITT & CO.

WE are just opening our third supply of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, such as Under Shirts and Drawers, Neck Ties and Scarfs, Gloves, &c. S. MERRITT & CO.
Nov. 18, 1871—tf

100 LBS. OF PURE NEW LEAF SAGE For sale by
Nov 11-3t. WM. F. BAKER.

A FINE assortment of SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SPICES, FLOUR, Bacon, Salt and Fish. JOS. E. WEER,
Nov. 18, 1871-tf Kennedyville.

LAY OF THE HOPELESS.

I would that the wind that's sweeping now
O'er the restless and weary wave,
Were swaying the leaves of the cypress bough
O'er the calm of my early grave.

And my heart with the pulses of fire and life
Oh! would it were still as stone—
I am weary, weary of all the strife
And the selfish world I have known.

I have drunk up bliss from a mantling cup,
While youth and joy were mine,
But the cold black dregs are floating up
Instead of the laughing wine.

And life hath lost its loveliness,
And youth hath spent its hour,
And pleasure palls like bitterness,
And hope hath not a flower!

And love! was it not a glorious eye
That smiled on my early dream;
It is closed for aye, where the long weeds sigh,
In the churchyard by the stream.

And fame! oh mine were gorgeous hopes,
Of a flashing and young renown,
But early, early the flower leaf drops
From the withering seed cup down.

And beauty! have I not worshipped ill
Her shining creatures well:
The wood, the rock, the waterfall,
Where light, or where love might dwell.

But over all and on my heart
The mildew hath fallen sadly;
I have no spirit, I have no part
In the earth that is smiling gladly.

I only wish for a quiet, bright spot
In the churchyard by the stream,
Where on the morning sunbeams float
And the stars at midnight dream.

Where only nature's sounds may wake
The sacred and silent air,
And only her beautiful things my break
Through the long grass gathering there.

MARRIAGE.

Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-sorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to brown hair, and plump, round, crimson cheek. So it does for its beginning, just as Mt. Washington begins at Boston bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love, age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth. Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match.—They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "my black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself. Our people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey, these young opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and both get away from the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her, that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally; now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage, that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season in. But a real, happy marriage, of love and judgment, between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome, that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world, in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.—*Theodore Parker.*

"WHISKEY HAS USED HIM UP."—There is scarcely a community or neighborhood from Maine to Oregon where this saying is not used almost every day in the year, and altogether too truly. A subject of this kind is to be found in almost every town. The merchant has failed, and whiskey has done it. The lawyer, with his brilliant talent and a large business, has fallen below the range of respectability and confidence. Whiskey was the cause. The politician, with bright prospects before him, has played out, and the account is charged to whiskey. The Judge of talent, age and respectability, is the subject of private and neighborhood talk. His enemies point with derision, and his friends hang their heads in shame, and whiskey has done it. That kind-hearted neighbor and hard workingman has become a pest in society and trouble to his family.—Whiskey has beat him. Whiskey will beat any man living, and that is just what it is made for.

PATRICK HENRY left in his will the following important passage:

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

MUTUAL AID.—The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals; no one who has the power of granting, can refuse it without guilt.

A COUNTRY editor says that when he looks at a woman's head he is puzzled to tell which is switch.

Can You Afford It.

Can you afford to smoke and chew tobacco, thus spending from five to fifty dollars a month, and injuring your nervous system, and perverting your whole constitution, and thereby transmitting to children a weakened constitution, thus making them puny invalids for life?

Can you afford to burn out your nervous system and demoralize your whole character by the use of alcoholic liquors?

Can you afford to indulge in habits of speculation, gambling, and other tricky and mean modes of making money?

Can you afford to make money at the expense of your manhood, your morals, your health, your just respectability, and your integrity?

Can you afford to gain even the whole world and thereby make of yourself a moral wreck?

Can you afford for the sake of momentary amusement, to waste your youthful preparatory years, when by study you should become a scholar, or by industry either a tradesman or a useful artisan?

Can you afford to rob your mind to clothe your back with silks and satins, and gratify a mere love for display?

Can you afford to be tricky and thereby defraud your employer of the just services you owe him, even though you do get your pay, thus making yourself a moral bankrupt?

Can you afford to be otherwise than upright, truthful, faithful, temperate, courteous, and in all respects correct?

Answer to a Challenge.

The eccentric H. H. Breckinridge, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, when a young man, was challenged to fight a duel by an English officer, whom he answered as follows:

"I have two objections to this duel matter—the one is lest I should hurt you and the other lest you should hurt me. I do not see what good it would be to put a ball through your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any ordinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why, then, shoot down a human creature, of whom I could make no use? A buffalo would make better meat; for, though your flesh might be young and tender, yet it wants the firmness and consistency which take and retain salt. At any rate it would not do for a long sea voyage.

"You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecueing anything that is human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than a two year old calf.

"So much for you. As for myself I do not like to stand in the way of anything that is hurtful. I am under the impression that you might hurt me. This being the case, I think it the most advisable to stay at a distance. If you meant to try your pistols, take a tree or a barn door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I will acknowledge that if I had been in the same place, you might have hit me."

DURING the Grand Duke Alexis' walks through the Bridgeport cartridge factory the other day, he pointed to several working men and inquired of Governor Jewell, "Are these men what you call the common people?" The Governor replied that they were a fair specimen of the working classes in this country. "But do you mean to say that these get into official position?" further asked the Imperial scion. "Perhaps not any of these men," rejoined Gov. Jewell; "but men of their class do; they are educated men, most of them—that is, they can probably read and write, and most of them take and read the newspapers." "Do you know of any case where such men have been actually elected to office?" again queried the curious Alexis. "O, certainly," the Governor said; "I myself worked in the shop as a tanner till I was twenty years of age;" and the announcement seemed to puzzle the Duke a good deal. Here was the Governor of the State, as well dressed and as well appearing as himself, who had actually worked in a shop, and this man was welcoming him in behalf of a hundred thousand voters; it was more of an enigma than the boy had ciphered on previously; but as he goes through the country he will ascertain, upon inquiring, that very many of the public men here have come direct from the workshop. In Massachusetts, where he is now visiting, Governor Claflin was a shoemaker, Senator Wilson was a cobbler also, and General Banks was a machinist.—*Hartford Courant.*

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?—The following is said to be one of the most brilliant articles ever written by the lamented Geo. D. Prentice:

But the fiat of nature is inexorable.—There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither for a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and countless multitudes that throng the world to-day, will disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding from their eyes the trace of loved ones, whose loving smile was the sunlight of their existence.—Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the grave even with princes' for bed-fellows.

A GENTLEMAN of something over forty years of age, by the name of Page, found a young lady's glove and handed it to her saying—

If from the glove you take the letter G,
The glove is love, and that I give to thee.

Her answer was—

If from the Page you take the letter P,
Then Age is age, and that won't do for me

"POMPEY, whar you get dat watch?"—"A man gub it to me." "Gub it to you for nuffin?" "Yes—but I had to knock him down free or four times befo' he'd do it."

THE NEW BABY.

A BOY'S SOLILOQUY.

"Yes, there's another of 'em up stairs now. I knowed it; cause pa told me I must be quiet and sit down in the corner with my book, and musn't play ball, nor ask Willie Smart to come in and help me put my new puzzle together. Then there is a cross nurse who is always scolding me for getting in her way, no difference where I get.

"Besides, Miss Gradull was here to-day and she took me on her knee and patted me on the back just like cook does while I'm choking, and said my nose was another degree cut of joint, but I know better, for this is the third time she has told me so, and it's no more out of joint now than it ever was.

"I saw it too. It's got a little round red head without any hair, with great deep wrinkles instead of eyes, and when it cries it opens its mouth as wide as tho' it meant to swallow itself. Pa helped me up on the side of the bed and told me to kiss my dear, pretty little sister; and when I wouldn't, and called it a horrid, ugly little thing, he said I was a naughty little boy, and then the nurse shook me and said I ought to be ashamed. I didn't get to kiss my ma at all—I knew better than to try it; for once, when another baby came, I climed on the bed, and putting my arms around her neck, hugged and kissed her, but all the time I had my knee on the baby's head, so I was whipped and put in my crib without any supper, because I didn't know it was there.

"Little Jennie thinks its nice to have a new sister, but then she was the baby before, and don't know anything about it. I can remember, long, long ago, ma used to call me her "sweet little darling," and pa dandled me on his foot, and said I was a fine fellow, and aunt Susan said I was a perfect little angel; but then Tom came and all my toys were given to him, because he was the baby, and I was cuffed and scolded by everybody except grandma and she's good to me yet, though there has been two new ones since.

"I wonder where all the babies come from. Ma says the Lord sends them. I wish He wouldn't send any more to our house, we've got more'n enough now.—It might be nice for them if they could stay little always, but they have to grow big after a while, and then they ain't no better off than the rest of folks. I rather think if I was a baby, I'd ask the Lord not to send me where I'd have nothing to do but lay on my back and chew my toes, and have folks say I was the darlingest, cunningest little creature they ever laid eyes on. That's the way babies are always treated, and it's a deal better than being told one is a good for nothing, mischievous little rascal, or a troublesome, careless boy—that it is."

PINEY NECK.

Messrs. Editors:—I want you to print my composition on hogs, if you please. I went to school to Mr. Hogg, but he is not the one I wrote about. My composition is about father's hogs which has brissels and four feet and curly tails. This is it:

Hogs is not much useful only to eat; you can't make clothes of his hair, like you do of the sheep and cows. He wont give milk nor butter, and I like butter on my bread, and milk also.

Hogs cat a great deal of corn and nasty slop, and ma's young chickens too, and also roots up our taters and all the green grass which sheep dont do, and when we eat him, he aint good like fried chicken and roast turkey. Pa gave me a little pig, and he was always doing wrong, and going where he had no business, and when he got big I traded with Pa for a piece of ground to plant berries, for he said when the railroad come down I could get a great deal for them, but the road aint come and I can't sell my berries for nothing, and Pa carried my hog to town and sold it for money to pay his taxes.

But Pa did not want to cheat me, but he did, for he believed on the railroad, and I think that's how I was cheated.

I don't care much for hogs, they are so contrary. Swine is hogs and we read about swine at the Sunday school where they run down the hill into the water and was drowned because they were full of devils, but I dont think the devils got drowned, only the hogs; hogs can't swim much, but I reckon devils can, and they swum ashore and got into all the hogs where they now reside. Hogs is pork when you first kill them, and after a while it is bacon. This is my notion of hogs.

Your friend little BOB.

P. S.—I am writing a composition on Chrismas.

THE SECOND NATIONAL CAT SHOW was opened at Crystal Palace, London, recently. The Times says:

"While we were there a fond mistress brought her pet its supper, which was not a mouse, as readers might guess, but two smelts exquisitely fried in bread crumbs, and a savory leg of a roast chicken. We are afraid that this exhibition, attractive as it is, does not encourage cats to fulfill the purposes of their being. So fat and well-favored is each prize puss, so lazily do they lie on the crimson cushions, that we doubt whether a nimble mouse might not run the gauntlet of the whole 349, and come clear off."

WOULDN'T WANT IT ANY MORE.—A prison chaplain was lamenting the want of success attending his ministry. Of one man who had been condemned to death he said he had great hopes, the prisoner having been most assiduous in the study of a Bible he had given him. The chaplain, after great exertion, obtained a commutation of the sentence. "I called to inform him of my success. His gratitude knew no bounds; he said I was his preserver, his deliverer. 'And here,' he added, as he grasped my hand in parting, 'is your Bible, I may as well return it to you, for I hope that I shall never want it again.'"

A WIFE.—Spaniards have a saying that a wife should resemble three things, and yet differ from these same things. First: She should be like the snail, which always guards its house, but she should not carry the house with her whenever she goes out. Second: She should be like the echo, which speaks only after the other has finished, but she should not always have the last word. Third: She should be like the town clock, which always sounds the hours with regularity, but she should not sound so loud that the whole town shall hear her.

Hallucinations of a Convict.

John Gull, of Stark County, Ky., was sentenced to the Penitentiary for life, Oct. 31, 1836, his crime being murder in the second degree. He is now 72 years of age, nearly half of which has been spent in the Penitentiary. He is one of the established characters of the institution, and wouldn't vamose if tendered liberty; indeed, his confinement is merely nominal, his mental faculties are so impaired that he cannot appreciate discipline, and his whimsical disabilities being such that he is of no use in the work-shops.

In his estimation the riches of Cœsus are but as a drop in the bucket to the enormity of his possessions and pecuniary transactions; he could easily pay the national debt and settle the vexed question of revenue in a twinkling. He has long since superceded the State of Ohio in the ownership of prison grounds, and does an outside banking business which he counts in hundreds of tons of dollars.

The most singular part of his hallucination is the belief that he prosecutes his immense transactions outside of the walls at night. Nearly every morning he has stories to tell of the fabulous quantities of money gained the night before, thro' his own enterprise, or that of his numerous agents. When asked the other day if he had been out the previous night, he replied that he had not, but had sent some of his men; he himself had been below (pointing to the ground.) The profits of the night's operations he did not regard as amounting to much—only a few tons of silver and a cartload or two of gold has been collected.

This singular man has been in this demented condition for more than ten years and although too feeble to work, he looks as if he might survive ten years more.—If turned out upon the world, he would be completely lost. In his own imagination, he has the most unbounded liberty, and possesses what the world is mainly striving for—wealth without limit.

The Old-Fashioned Mother.

Thank God! some of us have an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her curls and bustle, whose white jeweled hands have never felt the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love-light shone, and brown hair, threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands worn with toil, gently guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness, even reaching out to us in yearning tenderness when her sweet spirit was baptized in the pearly spirit of the river.

Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now, like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of her's will echo in our souls forever. Other faces will fade away and be forgotten, but her's will shine on until the light from heaven's portals shall glorify our own.—When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well-worn threshold, stand once more in the low, quaint room, so hallowed by her presence, now the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the molten sunshine, streaming through the western window—just where long years ago we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father." How many times when the tempter lured us on, has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin! Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.

CHAPPED HANDS.—The easiest and simplest remedy is found in every store.—Take common starch and grind it with a knife until it is reduced to the smoothest powder. Take a tin box and fill it with starch thus prepared, so as to have it continually at hand for use. Then every time the hands are taken from the suds or dish-water, wipe them, and while they are yet damp, rub a pinch of the starch thoroughly over them, covering the whole surface. The effect is magical. The rough, smarting skin is cooled, soothed and healed, bringing and insuring the greatest degree of comfort and freedom from this by no means insignificant trial. We know many persons formerly afflicted with hands that would chap until the blood oozed from many minute crevices, completely freed from the trouble by the use of this simple remedy.

SIMPLE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—The following is recommended by an exchange as a cure for this painful disease:

"Boil a small potful of potatoes, and bathe the part affected with the water in which the potatoes were boiled, as hot as can be applied, immediately before going to bed. The pain will be removed, or at least alleviated, by the next morning.—Some of the most obstinate rheumatic pains have lately been cured by one application of this simple remedy."

AT Newbery, England, a gentleman recently made a wager of $5,000 that at eight o'clock on a particular evening he would sit down to dinner in a well-woven, well-dyed, well-made suit of clothes, the wool of which formed the fleece on sheep's backs at five o'clock that same morning. Two sheep were shorn; the wool was washed, carded, stubbed, roved, spun, and woven; the cloth was scoured, fulled, tented, raised, sheared, dyed, and dressed; the garments were made. At a quarter past six he sat down to a dinner at the head of his guests, in a complete damson-colored suit—thus winning his wager, with one hour and three-quarters to spare.

FACTS OF HUMAN LIFE.—About 3,100 different languages are spoken in the world, and there are more than 1,000 different religions. One quarter of the persons die before reaching the age of 7 years; one-half before that of 17. Of every 1,000 persons only 60 reach the age of 65; two live to be 80; and not more than 1 in 3,000 lives to complete a century. The latest estimates make the entire population of the globe somewhat over 12,000,000,000.

AN Indiana editor is represented as "squealing back a squawk of soul-satisfied bliss."

Curious Romance in Real Life.

About fifteen years ago a young Scotchman had as his neighbors in the mountain region of Scotland a family in which there was a little girl of four years. One day he took the little girl on his knee and playfully told her father, "One day I will make her my wife." Not long after the father and mother and little girl resolved to emigrate to America, which they accordingly did, landing at Portland in the year 1857. In a few years the family moved to Mexico, Oxford county, living there till last year. Not many years after this family came to this country, the young man who had trotted the little girl on his knee, resolved to emigrate to America which he did.

Arriving in this country he proceeded to Montana Territory, where, by luck and industry, he managed to amass a large fortune. Having richly filled his coffers, his mind reverted to thoughts of love, and he recalled his early vow to some day wed the little yellow-haired girl he used to trot on his knee to "Banbury Cross."—He knew her parents had emigrated to America and that they had landed at Portland. He journeyed to Portland, and there diligently inquired their whereabouts and learned that the family were in Mexico. Up to Oxford county he turned his steps, and on approaching the house where the object of his affections were said to live, he saw a yellow-haired maiden in the porch.

"Does Mr ——— live here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the yellow hair.

"Is your name Annie—?" said the Scotchman.

"Yes, sir," replied the blushing girl.

"Then I love you," was bluntly interjected by the Scotchman.

The young lady, of course, thought he was insane and scampered off into the house.

The Scotchman soon found the father and mother, who recognized and gladly welcomed him.

"Don't you remember fifteen years ago I took your little four year old girl on my knee in Scotland and said I meant some day to make her my wife?"

"Oh yes! I remember," said the mother, "but not for years have I thought of those happy old days."

"I am here to redeem my pledge," said the Scotchman.

"Let the girl speak for herself," said the old gentleman, choking with emotion.

It did not take a long time for the young lady to get acquainted; not long to decide that this Scotchman was just the man she had been waiting for all her life.

"I want to be married at once," said the Scotchman.

"But I've engaged to work in Lewiston," said the young lady. Then getting hold of a bright idea—"I have it—I'll go down there to work, and then I'll not like, you know, and I'll come back here to be married."

Down to Lewiston went the girl; at work for a week was she when she concluded she did not like to do housework and returned home.

Next week the parson drove up in his two wheeled chaise, and the twain were made one.

The Scotchman and his young wife are now settled happily in Iowa, where the old folks, who have finally agreed that truth is stranger than fiction, now comfortably pass their declining years.

The Clerk's Story.

When I used to tend at Syracuse, the old man came around one day, and says he, "Boys, the one that sells most between now and Christmas gets a vest pattern present." Maybe we didn't work for that vest pattern! I tell you some tall stories were told in praise of goods just about that time; but the tallest talker, and, the one that had the most cheek of any of us was a certain Jonah Squires, who roomed with me. He could take a dollar out of a man's pocket when he only intended to spend a sixpence; and the women, Lord bless you, they just handed over their pocket-books to him, and let him lay out what he liked for them.—One night Jonah waked me up with, "By Jove, old fellow, if you think that ere's got cotton in it I'll bring down the sheep that it was cut from and make him own his own wool. 'Twon't wear out, either; I wore a pair of pants of that stuff for five years, and they are as good now as when I first put them on. Take it at thirty cents, and I'll say you don't owe me anything. Eh, too dear? Well call it twenty-eight cents. What d'ye say? Shall I tear it? All right, its a bargain." We could feel Jonah's hand playing about the bed-clothes for an instant, then rip, tear went something or other, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that Jonah had torn the best sheet from top to bottom. When I awoke the next morning, I found that morning, I found that the back of my night-shirt was split from tail to collarband.

ADVICE FROM JOSH BILLINGS.—Don't preach the gospel for less than 850 dollars a year, salary payable quarterly in advance.

A congregeshun who kant afford tew pay 850 dollars a year, want a missionary more than they do a klergyman.

Be sure you run the church; don't let the church run you.

Az I sed up to the top, get az much ov your salary az possible in advance, for I don't kno ov enny det so hard to kollect as a minister's salary, after it once gits kold.

"MA, why don't you speak?" asked little Jake. "Why don't you say suthin' funny?"

"What can I say? Don't you see I'm busy frying doughnuts? Say suthin' funny, indeed?"

"Wel, yer might say "Jake won't yer have a cake?" That 'ud be funny for you."

A NEAT COMPLIMENT.—That of Mayor Medill, of Chicago, in his address of welcome to the Grand Duke, in which he said: "Greece produced an Alexander the Great, but Russia has produced a greater Alexander. The one was great only in striking down peoples, while the other exhibits his greatness in raising them up." Very good, Mr. Mayor; very neat.

MISTRESS—"Mary, go into the sitting-room and tell me how the thermometer stands." Mary (after investigation) "It's on the mantlepiece, just against the wall, mum."

Financiering.

Samuel Johnson, of New Orleans, a mulatto financier of an early day, but one who lived in advance of his generation, was a great authority on the levee. One day he called his statellites together and addressed them on the importance of adopting a fiscal policy more nearly resembling that which had raised to opulence their Caucassian neighbors. "Niggers," said he, "if you want to get rich you must save your money. You must have a bank. Dat's de way de white folks does." These words fell on a propitious soil. The project went into swift execution; and the earnings of the week were promptly forthcoming. "Niggers," said Sam, "I'll be cashier; you must 'posit de money wid me, and when you want any you must draw onto me; dat's de way de white folks does." All went merrily for awhile, and the depositors were highly elated about "de bank." But by-and-bye there began to be trouble, not with the deposits, but the drafts. It was found easier to get the funds into this model institution than to get them out, and Sam was compelled to face the angry customers and explain.—"It's all right," says he, "de bank's only suspended, and in a few days she will 'again resume;' dat's de way de white folks does." This expedient lasted but a little while, however. Suspicions of foul play day by day increased, and the storm was about to burst on the head of the great operator, when he found it expedient to gather once more his infuriated depositors and "face the music" frankly. "Niggers," said he, "dare ain't no use mouthin' 'bout it! De money's spent and de BANK'S BROKE; and dat's de way de white folks does."

Toothache, Earache, Etc.

A little work just published, entitled "First Help in Accidents," speaks of these complaints, so prevalent at this season of the year, as follows:

"It is a bad practice to put cotton wool, soaked in laudanum or chloroform, into the ear for the relief of toothache. It is true that it may sometimes prove effectual, and procure a night's rest, for the connection between the teeth and the ear is very close. But let it be borne in mind that the ear is far too delicate and valuable an organ to be used as a medium for the application of strong remedies for disorders of the teeth, and that both laudanum and chloroform, more especially the latter, are powerful irritants, and that such applications are always accompanied with risk. The teeth should be looked after for themselves, by some competent dentist; and if toothache spreads to the ear, this is another reason why they should be attended to at once; for prolonged pain in the head, arising from the teeth, may itself injure the hearing. In earache everything should be done to soothe it, and all strong irritating applications should be avoided. Pieces of hot fig or onion should on no account be put in; but warm flannels should be applied, with poppy fomentation externally, if the pain does not soon subside."

AN EFFECTIVE FIREARM.—"That's a pretty solid piece of oak," said Gen. Leggett, the commissioner of pensions, to-day, picking up a stick sixteen inches thick, through which there was a small and remarkably clean-cut hole. "That hole was made by a rifle ball, and, after making the hole as you see it here, the same ball went through eight pine planks, in all nine inches thick. The oak, you see, has a knot; when the ball came to that it was turned about ten degrees from a straight line, and thence went straight on and through the pine." This illustrates one of the most recent, and, at the same time, most wonderful improvements in firearms. The rifle from which the ball having such wonderful force was fired is supplied with extra chambers ranged along the barrel, which are loaded and explode one after another as the ball, having received its first impulse, passes them. It is estimated that a ball shot from one of these rifles would go at least two and a half miles if it met with no obstacle. Experiments with heavy artillery operating upon this principle have been made in England, and the results indicate a probability of extensive changes in the construction of large guns.—*Wash.